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New-York, E. F. Hale, No. 99, Wall-street.
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Concord, (N. H.) [illegible].
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MISCELLANIES.

NICE MEN.

There are several kinds of *nice men*; but I shall content my readers with four of them:—

I. The *nice-fastened Man.*—His is your hypercritic in literature, painting, sculpture, music, acting, dancing, and singing; and is, moreover, very profound in the *virtu* of coats, snuff-boxes, and kept Chloes. A creature of this class is as troublesome to you with his opinions, as an old over-provident housekeeper of the Misses Allbut frugality, or a conscientious steward; (but these are very scarce troubles.)

All niceness is effeminacy; niceness of judgment is but mental effeminacy. Strong minds are sometimes distressed down to it; but there are some minds that never been with this sickliness of the judgment; you can conceive that they had a severe tone in pap, when infants; and when boys were manly, contented in love, blood-allays and peg-tops. The man to be much to be pitied who has this debility of the mind, as if he had any one lingering disorder of the whole catalogue of sufferings, which our "ills flesh is heir to." A nice woman is not-to-be-thought-of:—I knew one who was so over-exquisite, she would not sit courting in a swing set up in a kitchen garden, because, as she whispered, the parsley had eyes; but a nice man is a nuisance! It is, as a certain Irish orator would say, the lion spring the lap-dog; the ask the violet.

You shall know this class simply by their noses. There is observable, in that very expressive feature, a petulant indication of never-failing connoisseurship of opinion, and a nice discrimination with every thing but themselves, in the upcurling of its widely-dilated nostrils: the nose I most fervently like that poet Gray's. You would think, at the first wink, that it were merely hypercritical in snuffs, and practically distinguishing adulterated Irish Blackguard from the real; but, upon a nearer acquaintance, you discover that its discernment is of a higher and nicer character.—This nose may vary in its shape; it may have the straightness of the Grecian; the angle-backed curve of the Roman; the strength and manly beauty of the English; the shortness and pertinacity of the Scotch; or the snubbiness and obstinate stupidity of the Irish nose; the contour may vary, but the sentiment, the expression of the nose, is ever the same.

A critic of this class will not suffer you to admire any one thing for yourself: it is his pleasure (which, consequently, is your pain) to point out two things you should admire, which are not worthy to be admired, and two hundred you should not, which are. If Venus herself could bud out of her lumpitary existence into the full-blown beauty of a thing of life, and come among the inhabitants of this "corruptorum earth," our nice man would find out that she halted in her gait; or that she squinted; or that her teeth were not as white as Bingley's; or that her waist required ways & means, to give it a graceful, undulating bend; or that her yellow tresses had too much of the mealy hue in them, and perhaps call her a "red-haired wench." If your have a new coat, you must consult his taste, and not your own; or endure the penalty of being held by the third button (that is his favorite one, because three is the number of the Graces,) while he lectures on the cut and constitution of coats, from the remotest collar of antiquity, to the most recent cape of modern days—from the little coat of Sagum, to the great coat of Sesame. You sprain your ancle in a slip from the pavement, and he fails to show-ing you how you might have sprained it with more grace in a Pyrrhian quadrille. You weep the loss of some dear friend before him, and he asks you whether your have ever seen the celebrated statue of the weeping Narcissus, or that of the tearful Niobe; for then his sensations have more of the grace and refinement of sorrow in them, you'll. This is impertinent and deafening enough; but I verily believe that if his brother were about to endure what is ominously termed the "Tyburn-tie," he would object to the taste of the executioner, and would, perhaps, beg up on the scaffold to change the knot to the "do'd fo Gentleman."

He is a critic in every thing, from a pin to a pyramid: from an ode to an epigram. He finds an Shakspeare's head (in the Athenæum) enough to subscribe to, and discovers that the greatest he did without shave. It is not easy to please him who cannot please himself. I should as soon think to please a dun-faced greyhound, by arranging him to be lace-combed. Did Apollo himself challenge me with a copy-book, he would play me false two to three. It is an outside, therefore, that Shakspeare disdain him; and that of his dramatis he was a bad nosey or chin of face. Homer's (who, unless chimerical, must have exhibited) (Pagan) nose, he agrees with Aristotle, is consistent with the long verse there "an ode, there subscription, there a drama," something about the base of Pelion, or the peg-puppy, he forgets which, who, [illegible] and length are the principal requisites [illegible] work," certainly was a great author.

You think him a painting of Hope you have just finished; he asks you to let him look at Despair, and gives you to understand, by a cousin-german of conceit writhing in the corners of his mouth, which he would prefer if he had to marry either of them by the choice of her portrait. You show him a sketch you have made for a grand picture of the Furies dragging Eurydice back to the infernal regions; and he asks you why you did not persuade the Furies to put their snakes in papers, as for you see they are horribly out of curl." You show him your own portrait; he glances hastily at it, and says, "You have flattered the old gentleman too much," meaning your father. You assure him that it was intended for you, and he lifts up his brows with surprise, and assures you, in return, that it is not a bit like you; besides, who would know it to be a portrait of a painter? Let it have some mark and likelihood in it. Why not shadow in a touch or two of St. Luke's Myln—a bull's head and a pallet in it?" You do not suspect him then, and you paint another; and to pourtray your profession as well as yourself, you introduce the portrait of a favorite ass on the sand. You call him in; and at the first glance he cries, "Why, what is this?" Here is the ass's head to the left, and your's is to the right; but perhaps you designed to show the same head in two positions?" You quarrel with him for his ill-nature; and then he begs your pardon for his severity, and confesses that he is a little out of temper, because he had pricked his fingers with "Gammar Gurton's needle," in buying a Whitechapel one; and then, to restore you to smiling, he says, "Tut, man, never be fretted by a saucer! Sneers are to a fine spirited genius, what spurs are to a high-mettled horse—they prick him on to strong endeavor. Why, there was *What's-his-name*, the great fine-art-ist, sneered at me but yesterday, with his polar, cold-looking nose, (not that I consider myself a genius—Apollo forbid!) and why, guess you? because I insisted that the toe-nail of the Piping Faun was a more perfect semi-circle than the eyelid of John of Bologna's Couching Venus! I did not shake and fret, and pull my wig upon my brow—not I! I coolly, and with all possible consideration, requested, [illegible] he did not mean to saturate me with a cold [illegible] over me so much, when he sneered to-morrow at me, as to take the chill off his nose. The creature grinned his best Sardonic grin, (copied from an antique gem in his cabinet,) and would have lent me his wife for my wit."

You confide your new comedy to his hands; he looks at the cover, and admires its Grecian border, though he thinks "the Egyptian would have been more à propos, as the scene lies in England" (this is his manner of sneering); reads through the title down to "1820," returns it, calls it a farce run to seed, advises you to study divinity, and sends you a pastoral discourse by old Toplady.

Mrs. Jenkinson introduces her French shock-dog to him, and he shocks her, by declaring that he sees nothing in him but an animated hearth-rug.

There is a line which I was in the ten years' innocent habit of admiring, for the beauty of its thought:

"The conscious water saw its Lord, and blush'd;"

but proved, perfectly to my dis-satisfaction, that it was otherwise; "for (said he) though blushing might give to the water the hue of wine, it required something more to give it the quality."

He is proud to be considered a man of taste, though he sometimes allows that taste is a great maker of little minds. A friend of his says of him, that, "he is like the Lord Mayor's feasts;—he makes a meal of no-one dish, and is hungry with plenty before him." He is, however, a very gourmand in taste; and it is not a few dainties will satisfy his appetite. He picks a leg of the young Antinous; a bit of the breast of Canova's Venus; a lip of the Dying Faun; a knuckle of the Gladiator; the wing of an angel from the Cartoons; and a pope's eye from Lawrence's Portia; these did-bits serve for his morning repast. His more substantial, or dinner-meal, consists of an olla podrida of Lamb's tales, Crabbe's tales, and Hogg's tales,—of strangely-selected literary dish, all of which he tastes of, with a hungry ostrich sort of haste, grumbling as he picks them to pieces, like a gourmand who is fuller of spleen than satisfaction, when his odes are done to devils. Two dozen of Milton objections, instead of one of Ostrea edulis, swallowed, with some complaints of there being too much of the Attic salt in it for his taste, and an intimation that it has grown rusty from antiquity, and is not likely to be relished by high tastes, finishes the meal.

His opinions are not worth much; but I was glad to hear him say, "that any lord who wrote poetry, and could be priggish enough to assert that Cowper was no poet, would be intemperate enough to take the next chair's wig off to wipe his own mouth with."

II. The Nice, or Ladies' Man.—This is a sort of Tom Shuffleton grown fat, small, and dandyish; a fop running to seed; just such a being as would have made Cowper's "whist-loving chair, wide-elbowed and wadded—without," (for which he thanked Lady Hesketh piecemeal) a theme dwell. He says, edmank ast mucc,

"I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine pomatumed, curled all perfume;
That calls a stock a neck, and bids me mind a bow:
Who throws his head back, a mere chin!
His [illegible] shapes in grace,
Nothing [illegible] with a human air;
But varies hats in honor, though no wig,
Pants, and studies out an attitude to sing!"

The ingredients exhibit up on his composition, are—a good deep white waistcoat, well supplied (as a pamphlet friend of mine describes them, speak [illegible] but they must be there); a neat pair of [illegible] and they must be, though it politely [illegible] of the existence of stockings; a dress-coat that does not deny their own owners, but take any body's oath; a very moderate share of sense, and an immoderate share of nonsense, mixed according to the Gunnino recipe (that is, in the proportion of two grains of wheat to two bushels of chaff); a voice that sounds agreeably musical in a "How-d'ye-do?" in the anti-room, in a quartett or conversation in any room, or in a "good night" at the extremity of the hall stairs; a back which can bend like a willow to my Lord George, or my Lady Fanny; a polite and insinuated stranger, which purchases my lord's butler, and procure him hot plates, choice bits, and frequent changes of both, besides careful helpings-on of great coats, infinite care-takings of hats, umbrellas, and walking-sticks, and gentle shuttings of hall and hackney-coach doors after him; a snirk that does not displease my lady's confidential maid, when it is accompanied by something substantial though flimsy; hands white, long-fingered, and acorn-nailed, if convenient: legs with some probability of calf; ancles as much superior to the Apollo Belvidere as possible; two eyes of one color; whiskers and hair of his own growth; with washes, essences, lavender soaps, tooth-picks and powders, tight waist, tighter pantaloons, silk stockings, &c. &c.

He is of an equable temper, lightly pleased, and not lightly displeased. He is as cheerful to-day as he was yesterday; his boots and his wit were equally brilliant yesterday and to-day. I have, however, known him to be melancholy; but that was when his "*dear* Chloe" was unkind, and would not confess (what he had some violent suspicions about), whether the crop of shavings he found on her toilette were the produce of that pretty piece of common-land her chin. And then he talked of committing suicide by throwing himself into the arms of the Dowager Countess Closefist, with 90,000 attractions a year; and then Chloe frowned him out of her presence; and then he came like a prodigal in penitence back again; and then Chloe forgave him, at the entreaties of a set of brilliants, valued at 200 guineas by Love; and there he was made so happy and tractable, that she sent him out of her house on the tallo of elevation just five minutes, by the gold repeater he had lately given her, before his rival, the Marquis, descended from his close carriage to fly to her arms and her drawing room.

He has not any opinions he has so many; but what he has are always yours. He agrees generally with the last speaker.

"He could not with a perimetory bow
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation, admirably slow,
He humbly hopes, presumes it may be so."

He

"Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;
What he remembers seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatever be the theme,
Centering at last in having none at all."

Being independent as to property, he may be considered as a kind of amateur toad-eater; a toad-eater, without the venom of one of those reptiles. If his lordship is disposed to be profoundly axiomatical, and says, that mock-turtle is not real turtle, he does not dispute it, but swallows my lord's mock-turtle and his real opinions at the same time. My lady asserts that Chaucer did not write Cantus, and he confesses that the strength of her ladyship's assertion has staggered an opinion he had held to the contrary. If his lordship is merely witty, he always laughs in time and in tune.—His laugh is loud, long, and peculiar; his acquaintance is therefore much cultivated by "wits among lords," and "lords among wits;" it is something like a chromatic run down the keys of the piano; whether it is to show the soundness of his teeth, of organ-key whiteness and regularity, or the compass of his voice, or to convince you how wide he could yawn, if forced to it, and thus increase the value of his attention, by betraying how awful and grave-gaping his inattention would be, is perhaps known by himself. It is thought to be very cordial; so it is: there is but one thing I prefer to it, and that is an instrument which is now making under the exclusive patronage of high life, by which laughing is imitated in all its wide varieties, from the laugh obligato or forced, and the laugh reluctant or equivocatory, to the laugh delighted or satisfactory, and the laugh extempore or voluntary: I prefer this, because here I do not despise the man in the instrument.

His other uses are—to hand young ladies to carriages, and say nothing of their verses, if they are not to his taste, and as much as he pleases if they are, so that it be not in their mammas' hearing; but it may be an unchristianlike in the hearing of any rival beauty who cannot boast of the "Milaine foot of her." He may too, if there is an opportunity, insinuate that the foot of the blue stocking Lady Sapphira Sapphic, is like a foot of that heroic measure (meaning a Life guardsman's): this will not displease them, for they utterly abhor Lady Sapphira, because, at her last route, her grooms squeezed into her room a stiff young gentleman, and thereby had a majority of one over the number pressed in at the route of the countess their mother's the preceding evening. To hand old ladies to their chairs on court days, and be as patient as Penelope in compressing them and their hoops into them. To quadrille with young ones, if a younger lord has not come in his time. To sit patiently and at ease with battered beauties and decayed dowagers, in winter evenings, and think as if he had never been a lover, if possible; remember the best days of the year, and forget when the Honourable Miss Tiffenough combed her own hair and giggled among her own youth. To wait on lovely countesses at Almack's, between the dances; and serve lemonade, lukewarm tea and jellies with a proper's precision, and a prelate's politeness of touch and duty. To the dandies of the ordinary kitten-like persuasion, and look unprovokable hostilities at the hazarding of them. To sleep with them at the theatre, and snore in a whisper; and admire their moral plays and pathetic farces. To laugh at their reading good plays. To [illegible] at the opera, to [illegible] and sleep undisturbedly in state, when they dance Fanny Ellsler dances. These are his principal accomplishments, and, all together, they make up a very harmless sort of nice being, which one can no more object to than one can to honey and bread for breakfast, honey and biscuit for luncheon, honey and French roll for dinner, honey and ladies'-fingers for tea, and honey and gingerbread for supper.—*Magnet.*

CONTEMPORARY POETRY.

The Revolt of Islam, although a fine, is, without all doubt, an obscure poem. Not that the main drift of the narrative is obscure, or even that there is any great difficulty in understanding the tendency of the under-current of its allegory—but the author composed his poem in such haste, and he inadvertently left many detached parts, both of his story and his allusion, to be made out in the reader best can, from very inadequate data.—The unskilful manner in which the allegory is brought out, and the doubt in which the reader is every now and then left, whether or no there is any allegory at all in the case; these alone are sufficient to render the perusal of this poem painful to persons of an active and ardent turn of mind; and, great as we conceive the merits of Mr. Shelley's poetry to be, these alone, we venture to prophecy, will be found sufficient to prevent the Revolt of Islam from ever becoming any thing like a favorite with the multitude.

As a philosopher, our author is weak and worthless;—our business is with him as a poet, and, as such, he is strong, nervous, original; well entitled to take his place near to the great creative masters, whose works have shed its truest glory around the age wherein we live.

We shall pass over, then, without comment, the opening part of this work, and the confused unsatisfactory allegories with which it is chiefly filled. It is sufficient to mention, that, at the close of the first canto, the poet supposes himself to be placed [illegible] time in the regions of eternal repose, where the good and great of mankind are represented as detailing, before the throne of the Spirit of Good, those earthly sufferings and labours which had prepared them for the possession and enjoyment of a blissful an abode. Among these are two, a man and a woman of Argolis, who, after rescuing their country for a brief space from the tyranny of the house of Othman, and accomplishing this great revolution by the force of persuasive eloquence and the sympathies of human love alone, without violence, bloodshed, or revenge,—had seen the fruit of all their toils blasted by foreign invasion, and the dishonored but not insulted tyrant replaced upon his seat; and who, finally, amidst all the darkness of their country's horizon, had died, without fear, the death of heroic martyrdom, gathering consolation, in the last pangs of their [illegible], from the hope and the confidence that their faith and example might yet raise up successors to their labours, and that they had neither lived nor died in vain.

In the persons of these martyrs, the poet has striven to embody his ideas of the power and loftiness of human affections; and, in their history, he has set forth a series of splendid pictures, illustrating the efficacy of these affections in overcoming the evils of private and of public life. It is in the pourtraying of that passionate love, which had been woven from infancy in the hearts of Laon and Cythna, and which, binding together all their impulses in one hope and one struggle, had rendered them through life no more than two different tenements for the inhabitation of the same enthusiastic spirit;—it is in the pourtraying of this intense, unwearying, suffering, enduring love, that Mr. Shelley has proved himself to be a genuine poet. Around his lovers, elsewhere, in the midst of all their fervors, he has shed an air of calm gracefulness; a certain majestic monumental stillness, which blends them harmoniously with the scene of their earthly existence, and confines in them our ideas of Greeks struggling for freedom in the best spirit of their fathers.—We speak of the general effect;—there are undoubtedly many fine passages in which the poet quits his vantage-ground, and mars the beauty of his representations by an intermixture of thoughts, feelings, and passions, with which, of right, they have nothing to do.

It is thus that Laon narrates the beginning of his love for Cythna:—If, indeed, his love can be said to have had a beginning, separate from that of his own [illegible] and passionate life.

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were kindlers of delight, which drew the fawn
When I might wonder forth; nor did I prize
Aught human thing beneath Heaven's mighty dome
Beyond this child: we wept and smiled even once,
And laughed hope like ice still rising to me,
Since his wife said, said friendship had now become
Heartless and false, I [illegible] to be,
Cythna, [illegible]

What worth then were I [illegible]
Yet wandering far beyond that foremost age
In all but its sweet faults and noble thirst;
Even then, [illegible] with the world's dying rage
A patient worship of young Love did assuage,
Which [illegible] there did cause [illegible] passion there,
To provide [illegible] for [illegible]
Under the [illegible] beauty on this green,
Where [illegible] of [illegible] shared
With [illegible], whose [illegible] shape, the dove of life's dark [illegible]

Once also was there, once also was all hid
[illegible] of human life [illegible] sweet,
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] made.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] sweet bridal kiss Was a [illegible]
Within some storm, when across its [illegible]
From the blue [illegible] [illegible]
A sweet and solemn smile, that Cytherea
One moment's light, which only [illegible]
O'er that child's pained [illegible]
A shade of vanished [illegible]
Which wrapt, even as with a [illegible]
I pressed those softest eyes to [illegible]

The monarch is quickly removed from his presence, more relieving him but this child; and this consummation of their triumph, the multitude join in holding a high festival, of which Leon's [illegible] is withheld, by a strange impulse. From [illegible] he retires to pass the night in [illegible] at a distance from where she sleeps.

At break of day, Leon is awakened by sounds of tumults; the multitude early on foot and collected, are seen flying in every direction; and he learns that the cause of their discovery is the arrival of a foreign army, sent by some of his brother princes to the relief of Othman. Leon, and a few of the [illegible] guards, withdraw to the side of [illegible] and [illegible] they are [illegible] by their number. The [illegible] of the soldiers, are [illegible] and energy altogether [illegible] to [illegible] only the de-

[illegible] hostile
[illegible] I lay
[illegible] of bloody hands
[illegible] of hissing brands;
[illegible]
[illegible] spared
[illegible] flowing blood
[illegible] stood,
[illegible] to a' day,
[illegible] ; smoke
[illegible] and
[illegible]
[illegible] quiet,
[illegible] which swayed,
[illegible] that the lowest caution
[illegible] gold,
[illegible]—I rapidly obeyed.
[illegible] she cried, and stretched her
[illegible] the conquer's head,
[illegible]—We spoke no word
[illegible] fiend was disproved
[illegible] upon the lingering blast;
[illegible] savage it spread
[illegible] and streams that dart,
[illegible] forms the desert's broad shadow

[illegible] and the rocks to live and dust,
[illegible] cities made the torrents rise in spray,
And [illegible], as of a whirlwind's gust,
Surrounded us;—and still—my [illegible]! away!

They take up their abode in a lonely cave, and many hours are wasted in the transports of a recognition—which, even in such circumstances, to them is joyful.

The night grew deeper and dim, and there' a mist
Of the rain where we were, from the mountain,
A wandering Meteor by comes wild wind cast
Flung high in the green dome, on which it lost
A finer and pallid beauty; within the cave
Of blasts, in which its blue hair quivering lost,
Strewed strangest symbols the melting leaves among;
A wondrous light, the sound as of a spirit's tongue!

The Meteor showed the leaves on which we sate,
And Cythna's glowing arms, and the thick [illegible]
Of her soft hair, which fell upon her gathering weight
My neck near hers, her dark and deepening eyes,
Which, as twin phenomena of one star that lies
O'er a dim well, move, though the star repose,
Beam in one moon and [illegible] motion,
Her mantle [illegible], and eager lips, like flowers,
With their own fragrance pale, which spring but [illegible] showers.

The meteor to its far recess returned:
The hunting of our veins one interval
Beats still; and then I felt the blood that burned
Within her frame, subside with calm, and chill
Around my heart like [illegible]; and over all
A mist was spread, the darkness of a deep,
And speechless trance of joy, as night befell
Two disunited spirits when they leap
In unison from this world's obscure and fading sleep.

Was it one moment that confounded thus
All thought, all sense, till nothing, save one
Unutterable passion, which shielded us
Even from our own cold looks, whom we had gone
Into a wide and wild obscurity
Of tumult and of [illegible]? or now
Had ages, such as make the accustomed year,
The seasons, and mankind their changes know,
Left fear and time unlink by us whom [illegible]?

I know not. What can [illegible] whose fire clasps
The falling heart in languishment, or [illegible]
Twined within [illegible]? or the quick dying grasps
Of the life entering, within the [illegible] eyes
Thro' [illegible] a little [illegible] and dim,
In one current? What is the strong interval
Which binds the heart that flies a sharp to climb,
Which far over the world clears vapors roll,
Which [illegible] two [illegible] frames in one [illegible] soul?

They remain for some time in this retreat, communicating to each other the long histories of their suffering. Cythna, according to her own wild tale, being carried away from Leon at the moment when he also thrust off the shores that surrounded her, had been [illegible] to the tyrant's palace, and had suffered all the [illegible], and almost all the injuries to which its [illegible] were exposed. Her high spirit had, however, [illegible] at last her oppressor, and she was sent to a [illegible] tower, near the Symplegades, to which [illegible] dungeon she was borne through the [illegible] by a slave, "made dumb by poison."

"A Diver [illegible] and strong, of Greek [illegible]"

Here she was supplied with a daily measure of food by an eagle, trained to [illegible] this only crevice through which the air [illegible] to the captive. She made [illegible], and was aroused to consciousness by strange feelings which taught her to expect that she was about to be a mother. It is so, and for a while all the sorrows of her prison are soothed by the caresses of her child; but the child [illegible] suddenly, and the [illegible] that its existence [illegible] of her weakness. At last an [illegible] [illegible] the position of the tyrant, and Cythna is [illegible] by some peasant mariners, who convey her to the city of Othman, and [illegible] her [illegible] during the voyage to [illegible] [illegible], which Cythna arrives [illegible]. But to come to the main story—it [illegible] Leon to [illegible] death every night [illegible] horse to procure food for Cythna. [illegible] their return is at last discovered, [illegible] led before the tyrant, and [illegible] alive before his eyes, on the very [illegible] son. The [illegible], the [illegible], [illegible] beheld, accused the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE PHILOSOPHICAL APPLE-WOMAN.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

It is necessary to talk of "the Inverse." Thence it many an individual follows that the Inverse is the opposite of the Direct. Now the Direct is the Inverse. Therefore it is clear that the Inverse is the Direct. Hence it is evident that the Inverse is the Direct because it is the opposite of the Direct. Now the Direct is the opposite of the Inverse; therefore the Inverse is the opposite of the opposite of the Direct. But the opposite of the opposite is the thing itself. Therefore the Inverse is the thing itself. Q. E. D.

Very well, I think to myself, that is a delicate.

Well, this ship contains many days, and presently I hear two of our company speak by themselves of our very pretty little lady, who was our companion at the table, and one say to the other—"Else is very handsome, but she have one very ugly habit." Alas, I thought to myself, I comprehend what her infirmity: Else is a philosopher, and requires much his intercourse. Ah, poor soul!—was, I vow all wrong; her time soon her watch. And I imagine myself into grand consequences, that so many admire her.

Very well, we are arrived at Boston, and I am lodged in the Hotel, over to the bear of dinner; and I hear as myself much cheer concerning by one maid.

Very well, I think to myself, that day—Well, we stayed at the table d'hote, and presently a gentleman very polite say to me, "Sir, will you take a glass?" Then I was very sensible, for I understand very well the use of the word, and remember by the last adventure. And I say unto, "Thousand obligations, sir, for your politeness." Then he say unto me, "Sir, you speak the English very well for one foreigner." And I say unto, "I learn your tongue for the purpose to be intercourse with the gentlemen of your nation." Then he say unto me, "Sir, you have seen many of the world." And I say unto, "Yes, I have seen the four quarters of the globe." Then he say unto me, "Sir, you have seen many curious things in your travels." And I say unto, "Yes, I have seen many curious things, but the most curious thing I ever see was a lady without a head." Then he say unto me, "Sir, you speak pleasant." And I say unto, "Sir, I speak the truth." Then he say unto me, "Sir, will you take a glass of wine with me?" And I say unto, "Sir, I shall be very happy to take a glass of wine with you." Then we drink wine together, and by and by he say unto me, "Sir, you have seen many curious things in your travels, pray what is the most curious thing you ever see?" And I say unto, "Sir, the most curious thing I ever see was a lady without a head." Then he say unto me, "Sir, you must be pleased to tell me how that can be." And I say unto, "Sir, I will tell you how I see it, if you please to call upon me to-morrow at my lodgings, for it is a long story, and cannot be told now." Then he say unto me, "Sir, I shall call upon you to-morrow at ten o'clock, for I have a curiosity to hear this story, for I never hear that a lady could live without a head." And I say unto, "Sir, I shall expect you, and will tell you all the particulars of the story." Then he say unto me, "Sir, I wish you a good morning." And I say unto, "Sir, I wish you the same." Then he went away, and I went to my lodgings.

Very well, I think to myself, that is very pretty company as ever I fall in with, for I love dearly to hear of curious things, and this is the curiousest thing that ever I hear tell of in all my life, for I never hear tell of a lady without a head before, and I cannot imagine how she can do without a head, for I always thought that the head was the most necessary part of the body to any person, for I always see that those persons who have the best heads are the most sensible persons, and those who have the least heads are the least sensible persons, and sometimes have no heads at all, as I have often seen, and therefore I cannot imagine how a lady

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